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No. 285.

THE TALE OF THE STREETS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I read, in the crowded city,
A story strange and wild;
Of hearts that are hard and selfish,
By sin and self-defiled;
Of souls that are given to mamon,
Love that is thrown away,
And I shudder at this sad story,
As I read it day by day.

I read of hearts that are aching
For a love that would save from sin—
Of souls that are sick with sorrow,
In the city's dust and din;
Of hearts that are praying vainly
For the tide of rest,
From the weariness and burden of living,
And the pain that is unconfessed.

I read in wan, white faces
Of women that I meet—
A yearning for somethin' better,
As they wander down the street;
Of lives they are daily leading,
Gone down in the depths of sin,
And my heart is full of pity
For the homeless Magdalen.

And I see, in the faces of others,
A scorn for the weak and poor,
From the heights of their self-deemed goodness.
They pity their kin no more.
O, I shiver in pain and pity
As I read, in the toil and din,
This story of griefs and longings,
Of pomp, and pride, and sin.

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND;

OR,

The Hunters of the Wild West.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "RED ROB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE LOFT.

IT was a moment of extreme suspense and anxiety to Idaho Tom, as he sat there in the darkness of the loft, fearing almost to breathe lest he told the unknown foe, if he was, where to strike. The sound was so very faint that he could not tell exactly the direction from whence it came. He was cognizant of the terrible fact, however, that it was coming closer and closer each moment.

Was it a friend of the trapper's who had been concealed in the loft? or was it a savage, who had gained an entrance through the roof before Tom took his position above?

These questions the youth propounded to himself, and, as if in answer to his last question, a tomahawk whizzed past his head, and sunk deep in the wall behind him. It had been aimed at his head, but in the darkness he heard the assassin had aimed an inch wide of his mark.

Tom raised his revolver and fired at the unknown foe, but, he, too, missed the mark. The flash of his weapon, however, told his exact location. A figure sprang across the room, and grappled with him. It was that of an Indian, who uttered a fearful war-whoop, as hand to hand he engaged the youth.

Locked in each other's arms, the foes fell heavily to the floor.

The loose boards rattled and banged on the joists, as the two combatants rolled and bounded in rapid evolutions to and fro across the floor, ever and anon striking the wall with a dull thump and rebounding with a force that shook the cabin to its foundations.

"By the shades of Bunker Hill!" exclaimed old Zedekiah Dee, "the boy's in trouble. A red slug of Satan has got into the loft, and now they're havin' it, nip-and-tuck. Oh, mothers of the Pilgrim Fathers! how I do hope the boy'll come out best! If I only dare leave this door—if I could only boost his dog up-stairs, he might be saved. Hurrup up thar, Thomas! Scoop the varmint if ye can—into him teeth and toe-nails—fist and foot! Give him a sample of Bunker Hill, Tippecanoe and old Seventy-Six, too! Show him that you're a son of ole Hail Columby Happy Land, and—"

The trapper's words were here cut short by a renewed attack upon the door by the foe without, which lasted for several minutes. But failing to force an entrance, the enemy again became quiet—renewing the attack at intervals.

The fight still went on in the loft. Still Zed dare not leave the door. The blows of the enemy were liable to jar the bolts and bars from their places, in which case an easy entrance would be afforded to the overwhelming numbers of the foe.

Eagerly and in dire suspense the old trapper waited the result of the conflict above, his own life depending on the success of Idaho Tom. He could still hear the foes rebounding across the floor. The boards rattled and clashed with a terrific sound. The cabin fairly trembled under the violent movements of the two foes in the loft, and the blows of the tomahawks without. The clay chinking started from the walls, and a stifling cloud of dust pervaded the room.

A sound like the dripping of water was suddenly heard during a momentary lull in the battle.

The trapper shuddered when he discovered a little scarlet stream trickling through a crack between two loft boards and spattering on the floor below.

It was blood; one of the combatants had been wounded, and at such a rate must be fast bleeding to death. But which one's life-blood was it? Tom's or his adversary's? Zed could form no idea.



The tufted head and blood-stained face of a savage appeared just below the loft floor.

Still the struggle went on. Here and there a blood would spurt through the floor as the combatants changed position.

The young outlaw's hound howled piteously, reared upon the ladder, and made several vain attempts to clamber up into the loft.

At length the struggling grew less violent. The blows fell feebly—the groans scarcely audible. Finally the struggle ceased altogether. The battle ended, but which of the two had won?

Had either, or had both been slain?

The old borderman was in a greater dilemma now than ever. In two or three places blood trickled through the loft floor with an ominous drip, drip; while not a sound could be heard along, I say."

With a smile upon his handsome face, Idaho Tom descended the ladder. He bore many frightful marks of the conflict in the loft. His face was cut and bleeding in many places, and his clothing hung almost in shreds upon him. None of his wounds, however, were serious, the sharp nails of the warrior having been the only weapon used upon him.

"I'm in none the best plight, friend trapper," the youth said, "as you very doubtless see."

"Well, yes, I see your clothes are sumat s'iled, and yer face is scratched outer kiltier, but it's good fur ye; what'd ye skeer me to death for? It's a judgment sent on you. And so one of the varmints got into the loft, eh?"

"Yes, I found one there; and was just in time to prevent the second one from coming from off the roof. But, friend trapper, what do you think of the situation by this time?"

"Precarious, Thomas; not as pleasant as I have seen it in my lifetime. If the purgatories once git the bulge on us, why, we'll be immortalized in the wink of a lightnin'-flash. There was no response.

The old borderman repeated his call:

"Boy, is it you?—are you dead?"

As if in answer, the tufted head and blood-stained face of a savage appeared just below the loft floor at the head of the stairs, and then pausing, fixed a pair of searching, glaring eyes upon the face of the Mad Trapper.

"Great Lord of Israel!" burst in involuntary accents from the lips of the old borderman, "Tom is dead!"

CHAPTER VI.

A JOKE ON ZEDEKIAH.

For a moment the Wild Trapper stood motionless as a statue, gazing at the savage face peering down upon him from the loft. There was something so horrible in the red-skin's ghastly visage and sunshiny eyes that he could not resist their fascination. But, acting under the impulse of the moment, he drew a pistol, and, before the red-skin could withdraw his face, fired upon him. But the evil face was not withdrawn then, nor did a sound escape the lips.

The trapper saw a little scarlet spot appear on the red-skin's forehead, from which oozed drops of blood. It was where the trapper's bullet had struck.

And simultaneous with this discovery, there came the sound of low, suppressed laughter from the loft. Zedekiah paused, held his breath and listened.

"Oh, uncle Zed!" the lad cried, rushing up to the old borderman, "you are safe—un-hurt."

"Ya-as, Albert, my boy," drawled the trapper, laying his brawny hand upon the youth's head; then turning to Idaho Tom, he continued: "This lad here, Albert, is Idaho Tom, who's stood by me through this hull fight. He's the true stuff, and fights like a wildcat. If it hadn't been for him, the Lord only knows what'd become of my ha'r."

Albert greeted Tom with a cordial shake of the hand; and the men, strong, sturdy fellows, advanced, one by one, and took the hand of the youth in that warm, hearty manner so characteristic of the true borderman.

The old borderman had been the victim of a ghastly joke. Idaho Tom lived; he had slain the savage and dragged the body to the top of the ladder, and there placed the head in such

The first to enter the cabin was a youth of about fifteen, clad in a neat, picturesque suit of a hunter. His hair was of light brown, long and wavy; his eyes of a dark-blue color, and sparkling with youthful fervor, and his complexion clear and fair as a maiden's.

"When coming through the rye."

"Arrah, now, and it's yeess that I have seen do better than that—whin the bear growld t'ither day," and Billy indulged in a hearty outburst of laughter, in which he was joined by his companions. The allusion was to a bear-joke which Billy had perpetrated on Frank a day or two before, when Caselton, believing he was set upon by a bear, had performed some extraordinary feats of ground-tumbling, much to the Irish youth's delight.

"Never mind, Billy," said Frank, "I'll be even with you yet for that bear-trick."

"Do ye see anything green?" asked Billy, placing the tip of his finger to his eye, then dropping upon his hands he kicked his heels into the air and stood erect upon his head.

on—a ledge whose top surface was cracked and creviced with hundred gaping rents—threatening to break loose at any moment from the mountain-side and go tumbling down, a mighty avalanche, into the black gorge below—on this toppling spur of the g'in old mountain burned a camp-fire, whose light gleamed through the gathering twilight of the summer evening.

Within the radius of light three persons reclined in the attitude of ease and repose, chatting and laughing in a free, reckless manner, which of itself, was evidence that they needed surrounding dangers with impunity.

These three persons were boys in point of years, the oldest not being over eighteen years of age, the youngest sixteen. They were strong healthy, hardy-looking fellows, dressed in buckskin breeches and moccasins, with tunics of blue material and heavy straw hats.

They were armed with fine-looking rifles and a brace of revolvers and a knife each; and although they styled themselves hunters, an expert in the lore of the mountain and plain would have readily seen that they were not skilled in the profession. In fact, they were but a band of amateurs, spending the summer amid the romantic mountain scenery of Nevada, hunting and fishing and otherwise enjoying the rugged life of hunters by vigorous exercise and adventure. They were thorough "Westerners" by birth—at least two of them were, and although they were not as skilled as old hunters, they were not wanting in that knowledge essential to safety and partial success of a hunter.

Frank Caselton was the oldest of the three,

and was naturally looked to as the leader of the party. He was a kind, generous-hearted boy, full of the vivacious spirit of youth. He was possessed of a liberal education, and for the past year had been on duty in a Western telegraph office, as an assistant operator.

Perry Bassett was the youngest of the three, and, like Frank, was full of youthful vigor and strength.

Billy Brady, the third boy, was Irish by birth, Irish in wit and drollery—Irish in every sense of the word. Billy's life had been an eventful one. It began as a boot-blacker in San Francisco, after he had attained the age of ten. He soon quit this business and ran away to sea and shipped in a whaler to the northern seas. He was gone three years, and on returning gave up the sea and took to land again, where for four years he had been drifting about at the will of life's current when we introduce him to our readers. As will naturally be supposed, Billy was a wild, wayward youth, whose education had been obtained in the school of bitter experience. Being an apt scholar, he soon had quite a knowledge of the outward world in store. Active and nimble as a cat, and brave, even to recklessness, he was also a splendid shot with both rifle and revolver. His stock of camp-fire yarns and sea stories was inexhaustible, and these were always told in peculiar Irish brogue and style.

Billy was a little careless about his person.

He was not overly particular about the arrangement of his collars nor the cut of his hair.

His hat had been reduced, by rough usage, to a brimless cap, in the crown of which was a single long eagle's feather.

The young outlaw noted every movement of the lad as he went softly about the room.

There was a grace in his movements, a beauty in his soft blue eyes, that held his attention and admiration from the first. Suddenly a startling thought forced itself upon him, and was followed by the conviction that Albert and the girl he had rescued were one and the same.

This was not a pleasant discovery or conviction, and he tried to dismiss the idea from his mind. It is true, he experienced a pleasure in one sense of the word, knowing that he was so near the object, the strange young beauty, that had wrought such an impression upon his mind and heart. But the circumstances under which they met, the secrecy of the maiden's identity, as a cat and brave, even to recklessness, he was also a splendid shot with both rifle and revolver. His stock of camp-fire yarns and sea stories was inexhaustible, and these were always told in peculiar Irish brogue and style.

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The youths had just gone into camp after a long day's tramp through the mountains, and they were discussing the events of the day and the probabilities of the morrow over a supper of cold venison and roasted bear-rib.

Finally, when Billy had dressed his second rib and took the third, Frank Caselton remarked:

"Billy, judging from your voracious appetite, I am inclined to think you're fast developing into a bear."

"Oh, and yeess are misstaken," exclaimed Billy quickly, "and it's bear fast devloping in me."

Frank and Perry laughed, as boys will at each other's remarks.

"This am a delicious morsel, b'y," asserted Billy, gnawing away at his rib.

"Yes, it was a lucky shot that brought the bear down," said Frank. "We must roast enough of this meat to carry us through to Lake Tahoe, then we will cast our hooks and change our diet to fresh trout."

"Oh, mother av Moses! and won't it be a happy day when the loikes av us set down to fresh fish taken sheataming hot from the bowels av old Tahoe? Murder! and it makes me hungry to think about it."

"Hungry? What, after eating the whole half of a bear?"

"Yis, begorra; bear-meat has no taste to messe any more. Nothing but trout will tick the empty spot in me bosom," and the lad threw a neatly-dressed bone away, and doubling himself up into a ball rolled over and with a quick movement sprung backward and landed square upon his feet.

"Well done for a wild Irish boy," exclaimed Frank.

"Arrah, now, and it's yeess that I have seen do better than that—whin the bear growld t'ither day," and Billy indulged in a hearty outburst of laughter, in which he was joined by his companions. The allusion was to a bear-joke which Billy had perpetrated on Frank a day or two before, when Caselton, believing he was set upon by a bear, had performed some extraordinary feats of ground-tumbling, much to the Irish youth's delight.

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"When coming through the rye."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOY HUNTERS.

On a sharp ledge overhanging a mighty can-

Then he placed his hands by the side of his face, raised his head from the ground, and upon his hands walked once round the fire. Billy's next performance was to climb a tree, to the first limbs, feet foremost. A low, scrubby pine, with long, slender limbs putting out horizontally like the unnatural arms of a dwarf, stood near.

Billy was some minutes making the ascent, but he finally accomplished it to the relief of his comrades, for thefeat was attended with no little danger.

Having reached the first limb, and seated himself astride of it to rest, the youth called out:

"Say now, b'ys, and it's my intrust in ould Ireland to the one that 'lloller."

"I'll not attempt it, Billy," declared Perry.

"I can't 'crawfish,' Billy," added Frank; "but I can beat all creation shooting deer, licking Indians, whipping wildcats and—"

"Running from bears," put in Billy, looking his legs around the limb and turning over and hanging head downward. "But now, b'ys," the reckless youth continued, "I'm going to walk this limb head down, and end the performance by swallering mesself."

As he concluded, the lad began moving along the slender limb. Thefeat was a difficult one, the whole weight at times being supported by one foot alone, which was clasped over the top of the limb like a hook.

Frank and Perry exchanged significant glances, and a light of mischief sparkled in their eyes.

Springing to their feet and seizing their own rifles, and Billy's, too, they started off shouting "Ingrins" at the top of their lungs.

A low, sullen, rumbling sound followed, and the earth trembled as if beneath the tread of an avalanche.

Billy started with an involuntary cry of terror and attempted to drop himself to the ground; but unfortunately the top of his moccasin caught on a projecting "snag," and he found himself suspended in mid air!

That rumbling sound deepened into the thunderous roar of a rushing avalanche, true enough. The camp-fire disappeared downward—the whole ledge, to the very root of the tree upon which Billy hung, had sunk downward—carrying trees, stone and earth in one awful mass.

The trees near the edge of the precipice swayed violently in the current of air that rushed downward into the vortex. Soon the air became filled with dust and dirt that floated in blinding clouds.

Frank and Perry's escape had been miraculous, although their own violent movement had doubtless been the hair that turned the scale and sent the mighty mass into the canon, thousands of feet below.

Wrapt in the gloom of night now rendered blinding by the thick cloud of dust that filled the air, the two boys stopped and listened. All was silent save the sullen roar of the avalanche away down in the canon.

"Perry, I am afraid, our joke will turn to mourning," said Frank.

"Poor Billy! His words have come true. He said the ledge was not safe, the ground on the top being all cracked and seamed—certain evidence of a threatened land-slide."

"Hilp! hilp! for the love av Moses, hilp!" was the cry that wailed through the gloom.

"Billy lives!" cried Frank.

"God be thanked!" rejoiced Perry, and the two started to their friend's assistance.

They knew, by the cold current of air now rushing up from the gorge, when they were near the edge of the precipice. They stopped and peered around them, but all was blinding gloom. Billy's cries still rang upon the air.

Dropping upon their knees the boys hastily scraped a lot of dry pine needles into a heap, to which a burning match was applied. The flames flashed up and pierced the surrounding gloom for several feet. They saw that they stood upon the edge of the precipice, and the blood almost froze in their veins when they beheld the situation of Billy Brady.

Suspended by one foot, he hung over the awful depths of the canon—several feet beyond the reach of human help.

Perry had hastily climbed the tree, some of whose roots were laid bare by the slide, and attempted to crawl along the limb to his friend; but the slender branch began to crack and sway, threatening to snap off and precipitate both into the awful depths below. He was forced to go back.

Billy's imploring cries grew louder—echoing in quavering intonations through the dismal night.

Frank and Perry exchanged glances full of the most intense agony. What were they to do?—what could they do?

Billy's escape seemed impossible. He tried repeatedly to swing himself up and catch hold of the limb, but in vain—his activity availed him nothing now with the swaying limb.

An inevitable death stared the youth in the face.

The howl of a wolf was heard far down the valley as though in anticipation of a feast.

The appeals of the lad became piteous.

The faces of the two motionless friends grew gashly in the wanling light.

"My God, Perry, Billy's lost, and his death will be mourned!" said Frank.

Tears gathered in Perry's eyes.

The wind whistled in Mendish glee among the rocks and trees—wolves gibbered on the mountain.

And Billy, meanwhile, swung to and fro in mid-air over the black abyss—in the jaws of death!

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO VERY MAD BOYS.

The agony of Billy Brady himself could not have been more bitter than that suffered by his two companions, Frank and Perry. They had become almost speechless in their fears of Billy's condition. Every moment they expected to see him lose his hold on the limb and drop into eternity.

Billy's appeals grew feebler and fainter. The youth saw, despite his situation, the helplessness of his friends, and his fears seemed to assume a more startling, terrible form—*that of the maniac!* He burst into a fit of wild, unnatural laughter that sent a shudder through the motionless forms of his companions. It was not a natural laugh, simply for the reason it was not natural for one to laugh in the presence of death.

A moment of dread silence ensued; then a last hope seemed to have inspired Billy into making one more effort for life, and with what seemed apparent ease, he threw himself upward and caught hold of the limb with his hands, at the same moment disengaging his foot.

This was done so quick and easy that the boys could scarcely believe the truth of the joyous fact.

Billy now hung over the cliff by his hands, and lost no time in transferring himself along the limb to the body of the tree, and thence to the ground, where he was greeted with demonstrations of the wildest joy.

Billy deliberately threw himself upon the ground and rolled in a fit of hearty laughter.

Frank Caselton glanced at Perry, and upon his hands walked once round the fire. Billy's next performance was to climb a tree, to the first limbs, feet foremost.

A low, scrubby pine, with long, slender limbs putting out horizontally like the unnatural arms of a dwarf, stood near.

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Frank and Perry exchanged significant glances, and a light of mischief sparkled in their eyes.

Springing to their feet and seizing their own rifles, and Billy's, too, they started off shouting "Ingrins" at the top of their lungs.

A low, sullen, rumbling sound followed, and the earth trembled as if beneath the tread of an avalanche.

Billy started with an involuntary cry of terror and attempted to drop himself to the ground; but unfortunately the top of his moccasin caught on a projecting "snag," and he found himself suspended in mid air!

That rumbling sound deepened into the thunderous roar of a rushing avalanche, true enough. The camp-fire disappeared downward—the whole ledge, to the very root of the tree upon which Billy hung, had sunk downward—carrying trees, stone and earth in one awful mass.

The trees near the edge of the precipice swayed violently in the current of air that rushed downward into the vortex. Soon the air became filled with dust and dirt that floated in blinding clouds.

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That rumbling sound deepened into the thunderous roar of a rushing avalanche, true enough. The camp-fire disappeared downward—the whole ledge, to the very root of the tree upon which Billy hung, had sunk downward—carrying trees, stone and earth in one awful mass.

The trees near the edge of the precipice swayed violently in the current of air that rushed downward into the vortex. Soon the air became filled with dust and dirt that floated in blinding clouds.

Frank and Perry exchanged significant glances, and a light of mischief sparkled in their eyes.

Springing to their feet and seizing their own rifles, and Billy's, too, they started off shouting "Ingrins" at the top of their lungs.

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that lay on his face, and the excited light that gleamed in his eyes, were much the same as had been seen on his wedding day.

"The whole extent of the matter is this," he said, laying it down with the finger of his right hand on the palm of his left: "I will tell the story, and you will be called upon. If you do right, and keep to the truth, you and your son will get off scot-free, and I will send you away from this place richer than you ever were before in your life. If, on the contrary, you bungle, and make a mess of it, out will come the pleasant little episode of Jack Wildman, who will swing from the top of the Cliftonlea jail, immediately after assizes; and you, my worthy soul! if you escape a similar fate, will rot out the rest of your life in the workhouse. Do you understand that?"

The question was rather superfluous, for Judith understood it so well that she rolled off her stool, and worked on the floor in a sort of fit. Rather dismayed, the lawyer jumped up; but as in the course of a little more kicking and struggling, she worked herself out of it again, into a state of moaning and gasping, he took his hat and gloves and turned to go.

"You had better get up off the floor, Mrs. Wildman, and take a smoke," was his parting advice. "Good-by. Don't go to bed. You will probably be wanted before morning."

He walked away, turning one backward glance on the waving trees at the park, smiling as he did so. The fishermen he met pulled off their hats to the steward of their lady, and never before had they known him to be so comdescendingly gracious in returning it. As he passed through the town, too, everybody noticed that the lawyer was in uncommon good humor, even for him; and he quite beamed on the servant-maid who opened the door of his own house, when he knocked. It was a very nice house—was Mr. Sweet's—with a spacious garden around it, belonging to Lady Agnes, and always occupied by her agent.

"Where is your mistress Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Misses be in the parlor, sir, if you please."

Two doors flanked the hall. He opened one to the right and entered a pretty room—medallion carpet on the floor, tasteful paper-hangings on the walls, nice tables and sofas, some pictures in gilt frames, a large marble-topped table strewn with books in the center of the floor, and a great many China dogs and cats on the mantel-piece. But the window—for it had only one window, this parlor—was pleasanter than all—a deep bay-window, with a sort of divan all round it; and when the crimson moire curtains were drawn it was the coziest little room in the world. It was in this recess, lying among soft cushions, that the new Mrs. Sweet had spent all her time since her return to Cliftonlea; and it was there her husband expected to find her now. There she was not, however; but walking up and down the room with the air of a tragedie queen. Neither Rachel nor Mrs. Siddons in their palms: days could have surpassed it. Her hands were clenched; her eyes were flaming; her step had a fiercely-metallic ring; her dark profusion of hair, as if to add to the effect, was unbound and streaming around her; and had any stranger entered just then, and seen her, his thought would have been that he had got by mistake into the cell of some private lunatic asylum.

"What new tantrum is this my lady has got into?" thought Mr. Sweet, quailing a little before the terrible light in his lady's eyes, as he shut the door and stood looking at her with his back to it. "My dear Barbara, what is the matter?"

The only answer as she strode past was a glare out of the flashing eyes, which he cowered inwardly under; even as he repeated the question:

"My dear Barbara, what is the matter?"

She stopped this time and stood before him, looking so much like a frenzied maniac, that his sallow complexion turned a sort of sea-green with terror.

"Don't ask me!" she said, fairly hissing the words through her closed teeth; "don't! There is a spirit within me that is not from heaven; and the less you of all people say to me to-night, the better!"

"But, my dear Barbara—"

"Your dear Barbara!" she broke out, with passionate scorn. "Oh, blind, blind fool, besotted fool that I was ever to come to this! Go, I tell you! If you have any mercy on yourself, go and leave me! I am not myself. I am mad, and you are not safe in the same room with me!"

"Barbara, hear me!"

"Not a word, not a syllable. I have awoke from my trance—the horrible trance in which I was inveigled to marry you. Man!" she cried, in a sort of frenzy, stopping before him again, "if you had murdered me, I could have forgiven you; but for making me your wife, I can never forgive you—never, until my dying day!"

"Barbara!"

But she would not hear him; for the time she was really insane, and tore up and down the room like a very fury.

"Oh, miserable, driveling idiot that I have been! Sunken, degraded wretch that I am, ever to have married this thing! And you, poor, pitiful hound, whom I hate and despise more than any other creature on God's earth, you forced me into this marriage when I was beside myself, and knew not what I did! You, knowing I loved another, cajoled me into marrying you; and I hate you for it! I hate you!"

Mr. Sweet's complexion, from sea-green, turned livid and ghastly; but his voice, though husky, was strangely calm.

"I did not force you, Barbara! You know what you married me for—revenge!"

"Revenge!" she echoed, breaking into a hysterical laugh. "Why, man, I tell you, one other such victory would cost me my kingdom! Yes, I have the revenge of knowing I am despised by the man whom I love! Do you hear that Sylvester Sweet—whom I love? Every hair of whose head is dearer to me than your whole miserable soul and body!"

Strange liveliness this in Mr. Sweet's placid face! Strange fire this in his calm eye; but his voice was steady and unmoved still.

"You forgot, Barbara, that he jilted you!"

"And you dare to taunt me with that!" she almost shrieked, all her tiger passions unchained. "Oh, that I had a knife, and I would drive it to the hilt in your heart for daring to say such a thing to me! Oh, I had fallen low before—forsaken, despised, cast-off wretch! but I never sunk entirely into the slime until I married you! Yes, he jilted me; but I love him still—love him as much as I hate and despise you! Go, I tell you! go, and leave me, or I will strangle you where you stand!"

She was mad. He saw that in her terrible face. But, through all his horror, he strove to soothe her.

"Barbara! Barbara, let me say one word!"

The hour for full and complete vengeance has come at last! To-night you will triumph over him—over them all. This very bride shall be torn from him at the altar, and you shall be proclaimed—Barbara—great heavens!"

She had been standing before him, but she reeled suddenly, and would have fallen, had he not caught her. The frantic fit of fury into which she had lashed herself had given way, and with it all her mad strength. But she was not fainting; for, at his hated touch, a look of uttermost loathing came over the white face, and with a sort of expiring effort, she lifted her hands and pushed him away.

"Go!" she said, rising and clinging to the table, while her stormy voice was scarcely louder than a whisper. "Go! If you do not leave me I shall die!"

He saw that she would. It was written in every line of her deathlike face—in every quiver of the tottering form all thrilling with repulsion. He turned and opened the door.

"I will go, then, Barbara!" he said, turning for a last look as he passed out. "I go to fulfill my promise and complete your revenge!"

He closed the door, went through the hall, down the steps, along the gravelled walk, and into the busy, bustling street. And how was Mr. Sweet to know that he and his bride had parted forever?

With the last sounds of his footsteps, Barbara had tottered to the divan and sunk down among the cushions with a prayer in her heart; she had not strength enough to utter words, that she might never rise again. All the giant fury of her passion had passed away; but she had no tears to shed—noting to do but lie there and feel that she had lost life, and that her scared heart had turned to dust and ashes.

There was no revenge left; that was gone with her strength—no wish for anything but to lie there and die. She knew that it was his wedding night. She heard carriage after carriage rolling away to Castle Cliffe, and she felt as if the wheels of all were crashing over her heart. The last rosy ray of daylight faded; the summer moon rose up, stealing in through the open curtains, and its pale light lay on the bowed young head like the pitying hand of a friend.

There came a knock at the front door—a knock loud and imperative, that rang from end to end of the house. Why did Barbara's heart bound, as if it would leap from her breast? She had never heard that knock before. There was a step in the hall, light, quick, and decided—a voice, too, that she would have known all the world over. She had hungered and thirsted for that voice—she had desired it as the blind desire sight.

"It is astonishing!" said Mr. Sweet, slowly, and looking a little bewildered by the news.

"It is incomprehensible! I never heard anything like it in my life!"

"I agree with you. But that does not mend the matter, unhappily; and if he does not appear within the next fifteen minutes, you will have the goodness to go and stop those confounded bells, and send all those good people in the park about their business!"

"And am I really going mad?" was Barbara's thought.

It was no madness. The door was opened, he step was in the room, and Elizabeth, the housemaid, was speaking:

"Misses be in here, sir. I'll go and fetch a light."

"Never mind a light."

The door was closed in Elizabeth's face; the key turned to keep out intruders, and some one was bending over her as she lay, or, rather, crouched. She could not tell whether she was sans or mad. She dared not look up; it must be all an illusion. What could he be doing here?

"Barbara!"

Oh, that voice! If this was madness, she never wished to be sane again.

"Barbara!"

Some one's hair was touching her cheek—some one's hand was holding her own—the dear voice was at her ear.

"Barbara, have you no word for me, either of hatred or forgiveness? Will you not even look at me, Barbara?"

She lifted her face for one instant. Yes, it was he, pale and passionate—he here, even at this hour. She dared not look—she dropped her face again in the cushion.

"Have I then sinned beyond redemption? Is it, colonel, that I see Miss Shirley at once and alone! I have two or three words to say to her that it is absolutely necessary she should hear."

Sir Roland and Colonel Shirley looked at each other, and then at Mr. Sweet, who, in spite of every effort, seemed little nervous and excited.

"See Miss Shirley at once, and alone!" repeated Sir Roland, looking at him with some of his sister's piercing intentness. "You did right to say that your request was a strange and bold one. What can you possibly have to say to Miss Shirley?"

"A few very important words, Sir Roland."

"Say them, then, to the young lady's father; he has no secrets from him."

"I beg your pardon, I cannot do so. That is, I will infinitely rather say them to herself first, and leave it to her own good pleasure to repeat them."

"Are you sure it is nothing about my son?"

"Certainly, Sir Roland. Of your son I know nothing."

"Well, it's odd!" said the colonel. "But I have no objection to your seeing Vivia, if she has none. Come this way, Mr. Sweet."

Taking the wide staircase in long bounds, as lightly as he could have done twenty years before, the colonel gained the upper hall, followed by the lawyer, and tapped at the door of the rose room. It was opened immediately by Lady Agnes, who looked out with an anxious face.

"Oh, Cliffe! has Leicester come?"

"No, indeed! but a very different person has—Mr. Sweet."

"Mr. Sweet! Does he bring any news?"

"No; though he says he wants to see Vivia."

"See Vivia!" exclaimed her ladyship, looking in the last degree amazed, not to say shocked, at the unexpected request. "Has Mr. Sweet gone crazy?"

"Not that I know of. But here he is to answer for himself."

Thus invoked, Mr. Sweet presented himself with a deprecating bow.

"I beg your pardon, my lady. I know the request seems strange; but I cannot help it, unreasonable as the time is. I beg of you to let me see Miss Shirley at once, and the explanation comes afterward."

"I shall do nothing of the sort! I'm surprised at you, Mr. Sweet! What can you mean by an outrageous request?"

"My lady, if you insist upon it, I must tell you; but I earnestly entreat you not to force me to a public explanation, until I have spoken in private to Miss Shirley."

"Oh, it is something about Leicester! I know it is, and he wants to prepare for some shock. Mr. Sweet, do not dare to trifl with me! I am no baby; and if it's anything about him, I command you to speak out at once!"

Lady Agnes, I have said, again and again, that it is nothing about him, and I repeat it. Of Mr. Leicester Cliffe I know nothing whatever. The matter simply and solely concerns Miss Shirley alone."

"Me voici!" cried a silvery voice. And the beautiful smiling face of the bride peeped over grandmamma's satin shoulder.

"Who wants Miss Shirley? Oh, Mr. Sweet, is it you? Has anything happened to—"

She paused, coloring vividly.

"Nothing has happened to Mr. Cliffe, I hope. Miss Shirley," said Mr. Sweet, turning his anxious face toward that young lady. "I have no doubt he will be here presently; but

more like a dim tallow candle, set up in the sky to be out of the way, than anything else. The joy-bells were clashing out high over all, and mingled with their loud ringing, the lawyer caught the sound of the cathedral clock tolling nine as he entered the paved courtyard. He paused for a moment with a smile on his lips.

"Nine o'clock—the appointed hour! Perhaps I will be too late for the ceremony, after all," he said to himself, as he ran up the steps. The great hall door stood open to admit the cool night air, and, standing in a blaze of light, he saw Sir Roland and Colonel Shirley.

"If you do right, and keep to the truth, you and your son will get off scot-free, and I will send you away from this place richer than you ever were before in your life. If, on the contrary, you bungle, and make a mess of it, out will come the pleasant little episode of Jack Wildman, who will swing from the top of the Cliftonlea jail, immediately after assizes; and you, my worthy soul! if you escape a similar fate, will rot out the rest of your life in the workhouse. Do you understand that?"

"Good evening, Sir Roland; good-evening, Colonel Shirley," began Mr. Sweet, bowing low. "Permit me to offer my congratulations on this happy occasion."

"Congratulations!" exclaimed the colonel; "faith, I think there will be something besides congratulations needed shortly! Have you seen Mr. Leicester Cliffe anywhere in your travels to-night, Mr. Sweet?"

Mr. Sweet looked at the speaker in undisguised astonishment.

"Mr. Leicester! is it possible that he is not here?"

"Very possible, my dear sir. I shall be most happy to see him when he comes, and let him know what it is to have a bullet through the head!"

"Is it really possible? Where in the world can he be to-night of all nights, if not here?"

"Ah! that is what I would like to have some one tell me. Wherever he may be, Castle Cliffe has certainly not the honor of containing him; and the hour for the ceremony money, you see, is past."

"It is not wrong, but rather silly, I think."

"Well, Mr. Sweet and I are so wise generally that we can afford to be silly for once. Don't say a word, grandmamma; it's all right. This way, if you please, Mr. Sweet."

Turning her pretty face as she went, with an arch little smile, she tripped opposite what was called the winter drawing-room. The lawyer followed the shining figure of the bride into the apartment, whose pervading tint was gold and crimson, and which was illuminated with amber shaded lamps, filling it with a sort of golden haze. He closed the door after him, and stood for a moment with his back to it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

before he comes, it is of the utmost importance I should see you a few minutes in private."

Miss Shirley opened her blue eyes, according to custom, extremely wide, and turned them in bewilderment inquiry upon her.

"Mr. Sweet has some awful secret to reveal to you, Vivia," observed that gentleman, smiling. "The 'Mysteries of Udolpho' were plain reading compared to him this evening."

"If Mr. Sweet has anything to say to Miss Shirley," said Lady Agnes, haughtily, "let him say it here and at once. I cannot have any secret interview and mysterious nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, my lady."

"The more reason you should put it at once. You do not need to be told that anything that concerns Miss Shirley concerns her father and myself. If you do not like that, you had better take your leave."

Mr. Sweet turned so distressed and imploring a face at this sharp speech toward Miss Vivia, that that good-natured young lady felt called upon to strike in.

"Never mind, grandmamma. There is nothing so very dreadful in his speaking to me in private, since he wishes it so much. It is not wrong—it is, *ipa*,"

"Not wrong, but rather silly, I think."

"Well, Mr. Sweet and I are so wise generally that we can afford to be silly for once. Don't say a word, grandmamma; it's all right. This way, if you please, Mr. Sweet."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

PROFESSIONAL AREA.

Saturday Journal

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ELEMENTS OF FIERCE EXCITEMENT abound in the story, but so do rare features of beauty in narrative, persons and incidents—making it, altogether, most captivating reading for old and young alike.

We yet have on hand quite a number of the celebrated Ralph Ringwood's "Campfire Yarns," which we shall give in coming issues of the JOURNAL. These "Yarns" are conceded to be quite imitable, of their kind, showing a familiarity with Border character that few writers can claim, and a power of narration that no writer, living or dead, ever excelled. Ringwood (Capt. A. D. Hines) died about three years since, and these stories therefore, have a melancholy interest as the last work of a man of unquestioned genius.

Sunshine Papers.

"What's Folly in a Man—"

"WHAT'S folly in a man is guilt in woman!"

I heard a speaker say that yesterday. His look, his manner, his tone, linger in my memory. The words have been ringing in my ears since they were uttered.

Have I been weighing the affirmation in the balance of my judgment?

Not at all. It is false on the face of it. I negative it here and now. What's folly in a man is folly in woman! What's guilt in woman is guilt in man! What absurdity it would be to proclaim that a lie, a defalcation, a forgery, a murder on the part of a woman is guilt, but on the part of a man is mere folly! What is simply folly in John is simply folly in Jane. Guilt is the same whether it rests on the head of Henry or Henrietta. Sin is sin irrespective of sex.

But I have pondered these words, have been unable to banish them from my mind, because it seems to me that, though the fallacy of the assertion should be apparent to all, it is willingly and knowingly accepted by many of the sex whose misdemeanors it would fain pardon—that through all the paths of life, from the time the male infant wears his first knee-breeches to the end of his natural life, he seeks to condemn woman and shield himself with the aphorism, "What's folly in a man is guilty in woman."

Nay, gentlemen, do not interrupt me. I do not pretend to assert that you use those exact words. Indeed, this may be the first time you have ever heard them. But I maintain that the import of those words colors many of your own acts and most of your criticisms upon the acts of your lady friends. It is human nature, I know, to seek an excuse for our misdeeds; especially to accept one that some fallacious reasoner places ready framed in our hands; but, answer me truly, ye beaux, is it fair? Is it honest? Is it manly? Is it true politeness? To judge others with more severity than you judge yourselves?

How many, many times I have heard you speak lightly, sometimes disparagingly, of a lady who has flirted with you. Is it honorable for you to condemn her for what you commanded, what you earnestly strove to lead her into doing? Are you not equally foolish if she lowered her character any by responding to your smiles, did you not lower yours equally by seeking to evoke those smiles? Pray, by what right do you brand her with light words and sneering voice, knowing, as you must, that "faint praise is damning" and then turn away considering yourself eligible company for the retiring, modest daughters of the most fastidious men in the town? Do not be unjust, and unmanly, and strive to screen your fame behind the contemptible axiom quoted at the head of this essay! Own up honorably that it was folly on her part, it was equal folly on yours. Judge her by the standard that you would be judged by.

You come home from the store and throw a torn glove and ripped coat in the lap of sister Ella, who is deep in the mysteries of embroidery, or the unraveling plot of a new book. "Mend those for me, Ella," you say carelessly, and pass on to your room to prepare to escort some lady friend to concert or party. Does it not occur to you that only yesterday you criticized Ella's manners at table, because she said, "Pass me the bread," instead of asking, "Will you please pass the bread?" or, "Will you be so kind as to pass the bread?"

Yet you carelessly tell her to mend your gloves, and, when mended, you take them without a "thank you." It makes all the difference in the world that you are of the male and she of the female gender, doesn't it? You criticize any omission of politeness on her part, but think it not at all out of the way for you to be positively rude.

"Oh you," say, "girls ought to be perfectly polished in their manners, but they must not expect us to be ditto."

Astonishing revelation, young gentlemen! And why must they not expect you to be ditto? An unpardonable sin in a woman to be rude, you say; merely an oversight on your part. In other words, your view of the subject is traceable to the belief that what is only folly in a man is guilt in woman. But you know it is false! Not one of you dare deny it!

You can never be a thorough gentleman until you hold yourself, even in the most trifling matters, as amenable to the laws of politeness, as you hold each and all of your lady friends.

You hold your sisters bound to do any favor that you ask of them; but, when they wish a bundle brought home from down-town, a note left at a friend's, an order carried to the florist, you quietly announce to them that you have something else to do besides waiting on them.

Neither are they bound to wait on you, my dear beau! (don't be shocked, but remember in what a general sense I address you.)

How seldom you ask Mollie to go with you to concert, theater, or lecture. To-night you do, because you have a seat engaged for another young lady, and she has disappointed you. Mollie politely refuses to play "second fiddle."

The result is intense indignation on your part. You call her disagreeable, disobliging, and rude!

Just stop a minute! Last week, Mr. A. B. C. took Minnie to a concert. Mollie wished to go too. Papa said he would take her, but for a previous engagement; and he offered, you the money for tickets, and said he would order a carriage as he went out, if you would go with her. Don't you remember that you refused to go, on the plea of a headache; but called around on Ned Farrell, and played billiards with him until eleven o'clock?

Ah! you remember it now! I am glad that you do! If you please, who was rude, disagreeable, and disloving to whom? Would you not have fared better to-night, if you had remembered last week that true politeness is as obligatory on you as on your sisters?

Now, by way of true, suppose you agree to make the rules by which you pass judgment on your own conduct, quite as stringent as those by which you judge your lady acquaintances, and see if you cannot win a woman's sincere praise of—"He is a perfect gentleman."

AT MY WINDOW.

My work being done, and having an hour to myself, I am seated at my window. My eyes wander up and down the street and I listen to many a footfall. There is certainly some music in them, else they would not sound so pleasant to my ear.

A history of the ways by which people live, move and have their being opens to me. The street lamps are lit and people are homeward bound, some with blighted hearts and others with merry faces—high and low, rich and poor blended together.

Stations of life as different as their trades jostle together. Yet are they not all equal in the presence of their God?

Look at those poor weary beings toiling homeward—beings who are almost as weary when they arise in the morning as when they retire to bed at night. Their daily work tires them so that they are too tired to sleep. Their toil is the same monotonous round of duties, day after day, until the brain swims, the feet weary, the body grows sick, and death claims a new victim; then another will take the vacant place and leave it about as soon.

Here comes a poor widow: I know she is widowed by her black clothing, and that she is poor by its cheap material. She is going home, but that home will be one of sorrow and darkness, for the light has been put out and the one who was so good and kind to her lies in his narrow grave.

Here approaches a manly footfall; it is Harry Rollins—a happy fellow indeed, full of life, vivacity and cheer. He was married last week to one of the best creatures in the world. How he hurries home! He well knows who will be at the door to meet him and greet him. He knows his loving bride will measure to a minute the time of his return. May they always be as loving as now, and may it be many a long year before she listens in vain for that footstep!

Another comes. This time the footfall is that of a careworn little child—a little girl in tattered garments. She seems almost too young and frail to be abroad, alone. The sad cadence in her voice as she cries, "Spare me a penny," tells a tale of want and woe. What a home has she to go to! What misery will greet her there! The very parent, who gave her birth, is more than half the time mad with liquor, and wrecks her cruelty on this poor, unfortunate and innocent child.

When I look on this poor little one—one of the thousands of poor creatures—I think we ought to go into the hovels of these poor and oppressed children—endeavor to mitigate their trials—show them by kindly words and loving deeds that the world is not all cruel—that there are hearts that yet love them—that there are beings who will care for them. Our presence would carry sunlight to their darkened existence and pleasure to their joyless lives.

I wonder why it is that, when we are all equal in this world, our lots are so different, and while some live in plenty others toil for a mere crust of bread!

Patter, patter go the feet, and in their sound you seem to know which belongs to the happy and which to the disconsolate, which to the merry and light-hearted and which to the downcast and sad. The great panorama of wealth and poverty continues to move on.

As the wealthy ride by in carriages I wonder if they think of those who are starving all around them, starving not only for food but for a kindly word? Do the joyful hearts ever think of the lives that are fleeting away, uncared for while living and who will be unmourned for when dead? Do they cast one thought on those who are not only wrestling with sickness but with poverty as well? None of us like to have our gayety intruded upon by such solemn thoughts, and so we banish them,

and once banished we seldom let them intrude into our thoughts again.

What a medley of footsteps, merry school-girls and tired workingwomen; careless schoolboys and cheerless workingmen; the proud aristocrat and the cleaner of the sewers! A motley set and a monster moving mass of humanity! Men and women of many tribes and nationalities! All have their hopes, fears, struggles, successes and failures, loves and hates. If we could print the thoughts of each would they not make a strange and varied book? Are there not secrets wrapped up in the breasts of these travelers of the street that, if told, would cause amazement to the world? Are there not others who are either plotting or acting tragedies that would curdle one's blood if known?

The footsteps still continue and seem as if they would never cease. All are traveling to the Great Beyond—Eternity! May our Maker, without whose knowledge even a sparrow can not fall!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn's American Rifle Teamsters.

A good many years ago when I was young I organized an American Rifle Team.

It was a full team, you may be sure, and each member considered himself a horse, and of course it was a one-horse team.

We had all shot rifles before and knew how to pull the trigger with the utmost precision, and to point the rifle in the direction of the target.

We accepted a challenge from the English team, and, as we represented the Republic, we engaged passage in the steerage of a sailing vessel so that none of us would be washed overboard, and were received in Liverpool with cheers, and bologna, and bouquets, and roast beef, and applause, and h'English and crack, including cheese.

We were to shoot for the International gourd, and of course the event would be looked upon by the eyes of both countries, and read of with great interest by the blind, and listened to eagerly by the deaf.

Such good marksmen were we that every one of us made his mark whenever we went to sign our names to any little note, given for board and washing, and never desired to be more perfect than that.

We were thorough disciples of Mark himself and read him constantly.

We could shoot at anything far away just as easily as anything close, and no matter how big it was if the ball didn't get a wrong start we could hit it.

We were such skillful marksmen that we would not buy anything without telling them to "mark it down."

We were what is called crack shots, that is, we could shoot through the crack in a fence if it was of sufficient size, and the ball didn't hit a board.

We could shoot into an ale-house with the utmost exactness.

The target was a four-story barn. We would have had a larger one, but in the absence of anything better we had to content ourselves with that.

The range was exactly a thousand yards, or a thousand rods; it has been so long ago that my recollection may be a little out of range.

There must have been somewhere between four thousand and sixteen thousand people present on the grounds, and the day was extra brightened for the occasion.

We spent an hour shooting along a straight fence just to get our hand in, and found our aim very much improved by it.

I opened the match by firing the first shot. I would have struck the barn if the ball had been large enough, I have no doubt. As it was the ball went a little too far to the right, as the wind was stirring in that direction, and the ball being a little too small and the distance a little too wide, the edge of it could not touch the barn, as anybody with half a philosophical eye could readily see.

Jones, of our team, pulled away next—he was a good puller—and struck the barn six times. He was charged with shooting a handfull of balls, but he explained that his rifle shot so hard that the force was sufficient to make a single ball bounce back and go forward again half a dozen times before it stopped.

Jones, of our team, pulled away next—he was a good puller—and struck the barn six times. He was charged with shooting a handfull of balls, but he explained that his rifle shot so hard that the force was sufficient to make a single ball bounce back and go forward again half a dozen times before it stopped.

Brown laid down to take a good aim and it was so long before he could draw a good bead on the target that he went to sleep. He was waked up again and fired with great coolness, but the natural consequence of the lead being heavier than the atmosphere the ball gravitated to the earth before it reached the target.

Jacobs drew a little more and a bead, and turning his head, fire. The ball would have struck the center had it not struck a streak of air and glanced up before it got there, and thereby went up over the roof about ten feet.

Wiggins made an off-hand shot, standing up—as the smoke cleared away and he got up off his back (the gun was a strong shooter both ways) it was announced a miss; but Wiggins just then recollects that he had forgotten to put a ball in the rifle; he was allowed another trial by the umpire, and shot over the barn, declaring that the target was too close for him to shoot at.

Barlow shot, but the barn wasn't wide enough out; he declared that the heat of the sun had warped the direction of his ball.

Jenkins, our fat, good-natured member, smiled, waved his handkerchief to the ladies, drew a fine sight, shut both eyes and fired, and succeeded in missing the barn by a handsome distance. He ran his score up at the beer stand.

The English team missed the target with the precision which we did, perfectly riddling the atmosphere around it.

Both teams were pronounced the champions, and the gourd was presented to me for courtesy.

We next shot for a tin-plated cup, which was won by me. I putting a ball closer in the immediate vicinity of the barn than anybody else.

Great enthusiasm was manifested over the American Teamsters, and the mayor invited us to dine at the poorhouse that day, and in the evening we were escorted through the city by a squad of police, and put on board the freight-train for London, where, upon arrival, we were received with the greatest attention by the hackmen.

We made a grand hit in England if we did miss.

Proudly,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

MODESTY is a merit, as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

Topics of the Time.

The Seyid of Zanzibar is presenting Eastern swords, heavily mounted with gold, to various English mayors and town clerks who have been attentive to him.

As convincing proof that the grasshoppers read the papers, it is said that they have this season entirely avoided a certain county which was mentioned last year as raising the poorest quality of wheat in Kansas. If the potato-bugs see this item, they will please understand that only the poorest quality of potato-vines grow on our farm. The best vines grow in the next county, though our neighbor, who pastures all his chickens in our garden, has a five-acre lot of potatoes that the bugs might enjoy.

The Freemasons of Iowa are very much exercised over a recent decision of the Grand Master that the lodges in the lodge-rooms is inconsistent with the good of the craft. Two subordinate officers have been deprived of their positions for acting in violation of the decision. No more light fantastic toe in the lodges. Bricklayers, plasterers and stone cutters "cut up" with Terpsichore, but the mason, when Terpsichore trips him on the shoulder, must say, "No, Terpy!" How he must feel to say it!

MINE FOR A DAY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Yes, another may claim you for his Carrie fair,
Another may bear you from me, far away;
But I'll often look back to those short, fleeting
hours,
When you, my dear Carrie, were "mine for a day."

You remember the place in the cool, shady grove,
By the side of the river, reflecting the blue;
And the birds in the maples were singing of love,
Where both of us promised to each w'd be true.

We were happy—Carrie, and little we cared
For that which so silently passed by its way—
We lived a whole life in those happy hours,
When I was yours only—you, "mine for a day."

Perhaps you will think of the time that is past;
I shall never forget though my locks have turned
gray.
Those short, sunny hours, too happy to last,
When you, fairest Carrie, were mine for a day.

A Life Lesson.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

ALL of Ethel Tyburn's life had conducted to render her weak when the hour of its great temptation should come to her. And come, at length, it had, in the person of Colonel Basil Justine.

They met in this way. Ethel had an errand down-town. It was just lunch-hour when her little business was completed, but would be long after that time before she could reach her home in Harlem; so she stepped for lunch into a French restaurant. It was a cheery, cleanly, petite salon, and Ethel had frequently been there, and was soon placidly sipping a glass of iced claret and enjoying a game pate. While she languidly fanned herself, and looked over a morning's paper, and consumed her dainty meal, and observed the comings and goings of the parties around her, two gentlemen came into the room and seated themselves across from her; so near she could have shaken hands with either and not have moved from her seat.

One of the new-comers was ordinarily tall and well-looking; his companion was above the usual height, and without any especial claims to beauty, yet exceedingly attractive of face and presence. They were both gentlemen of culture and intellect, their expression, manner and conversation bore witness; while the taller was, as unmistakably, a military man and a Southerner.

Ethel, innately an extravagant worshiper of manhood in its highest development of physical beauty, of intelligence of strength, was pleased with these men whose brilliant conversation—clever word pictures of well-known persons, witty criticisms of writings and plays and art—was so racy, refreshing, and captivating. It was with reluctance she ate her last bit of pate, settled her check, and departed.

She stood on the corner opposite the new post-office, with all thoughts of her two brilliant companions of the lunch room fled as she viewed the tangle of wheels and hoofs, and vainly sought a passage to a car.

"Pardon me, Miss, but is not this yours?" The Southerner stood at her side, his becoming military mantle only loosely flung on his shoulders because of the warmth of the brilliant September day; his dark, tender brown eyes looking smilingly, half-admiringly, down upon her, and the white, shapely, characteristic hand of his clime holding toward her the daintily black and gilded fan and chateleine chain that had become detached from her dress.

"Oh! yes! Thank you!" Ethel answered him with a quick, pleased, upward flash of gray eyes and a surging of blood staining her cheeks.

"Are you trying to cross alone through this blockade? Cannot I assist you? Is it a car you wish?"

"Yes; the Third avenue; a through one, if you would be so kind."

"The very one I am obliged to take! What a delightful coincidence! I hope you think so with me, or I shall feel that you command me to wait for the next."

"Oh! pray do not think any such thing of me." It was almost the only thing Ethel could say, she felt, but was conscious that she had uttered the words with unnecessary warmth. But Colonel Justine was too much the gentleman to make her feel this, and so the acquaintance ripened as an acquaintance is likely to do between a fascinating, polished man of the world and an interesting, inexperienced girl, with inherent coquetry and natural genius enough to render her companionable.

It is a long ride to One Hundred and Nineteenth street. Colonel Justine was going even beyond that, but could walk the few remaining blocks, so accompanied Ethel to the very door of her home. She was conscious that she was sorry to see him depart, as she stood upon the uppermost step and watched his graceful, soldierly form disappearing, and yet felt guilty and ashamed that she had answered to his implied question of when she would be in town again, with a specified time and mention of place.

"I only hope Dick never finds it out, though there certainly was nothing out of the way in it all," Ethel said to herself, going up to her room. "He is a man worth knowing; so refined, and well-read, and courteous; and how surprised he was when we exchanged cards, and he read, on mine, Mrs. Ethel Tyburn."

Mrs. Ethel Tyburn! Yes, Ethel was married, or this sketch would never have been written; married, and had a little child.

But despite the double bonds of wifehood and motherhood, Ethel drifted into frequent meetings with the colonel. He was spending six weeks in New York before leaving the United States for a prolonged stay in Europe. Before a third of those weeks were gone, the fascinating Southerner had made himself acquainted with all the lights and shades of Ethel Tyburn's character and her twenty years of life. He understood how her natural brilliant and restless nature, and hungry mind, had chafed and revolted against the seclusion, and strictness, and poverty in which she had been reared; how, fed mentally upon all the fiction and poetry she could borrow, she was ready to accept any fate that brought a change to her life. The change came in the person of a lover, whom she secretly married, though yet a child and knowing scarce anything concerning him. He proved a fond husband, and took her to a respectable boarding-house home in the suburbs of the great city in which she had so longed to live; but Colonel Justine suspected, even beyond Ethel's unintentional revelations, how little real affection had had any part in her marriage, how her longings for pleasures, and luxuries, and freedom, and knowledge, had only increased with the one upward move her marriage had been, and how fruitless those longings were, and how galling her thralldom.

Perhaps the man did not deliberately play upon all these feelings; for he was a gentle-

man born and bred. He only enjoyed studying her, and seeing her unconcealable liking for himself intensify; he amused himself by amusing her; gave her intelligent, intellectual companionship, and delicate sympathy; and treated her with the tender, watchful chivalry that is at the same time "the sweetest" devotion and "most subtle flattery with which mankind appeals to a woman's passions. The glowing October days were one jubilant dream to Ethel, spent among the riches of art galleries, all the natural beauties about Manhattan Island, and in long wanderings and talks among the flaming autumn glories of the park.

There is an end to all things earthly, however, and so October, with the sweet, doubtful pleasure it had brought to Ethel Tyburn, drew to a close, and the colonel's departure for Europe was near at hand. Ethel met him for that last time, with no dream of the temptation which awaited her, nor the misery which it would evoke. Nor was evil premeditated, though he knew to the full his power, by Basil Justine; let that justice be done the gallant, passionate Southerner. He had come to care, he had not learned how much, for Ethel, and only a freak of fate—more fitly termed an accident—revealed the depth of his love to her and himself, and betrayed him into his sin.

They went for a drive, miles and miles out along the spicy, gorgeous country roads, and both talked gayly and fought fiercely, to a void any drifting into the theme of the farewells that must be uttered that night; yet he was only a man of the world, to whom the first love of his thirty-five years had come; and she a foolish, erring girl, who had until now placed no restrictions upon her regards for him, and had already acted a part that would have lowered her in the eyes of society were it made known. Both fell, after a time, into silence. A scream from Ethel broke it, as, at a touch of the whip, the horse gave a bound that dashed them into horrible proximity with a loaded truck.

Before Mrs. Tyburn opened her eyes, after the crash that followed, she knew she was lying in Basil Justine's arms, felt the wild beating of his heart against her own, and heard him breathing passionately, pleadingly, heartbroken:

"Ethel, little darling, open your eyes! Oh, sweetest, sweetest Ethel, my little love, my own, own Ethel, speak to me! Have I killed you, my idol, my queen, my life?"

She lay motionless a moment, in a sweet delirium of pleasure, the color dyeing her pale lid face, her lips parting in a gasp of delicious surprise, her blood bounding along her veins in throbbing answers to his love. And he knew she had come back to life, and a consciousness of what his words meant, and a glad acceptance of their avowal. So, after he had told her that they must accept the hospitalities of the cottage for an hour or two, he let his madness go unchecked; until Ethel Tyburn foresaw tires of maternity, and wifehood, and honor, and gave her pledge to meet him at the European steamer next day.

She was weak, nervous, excited, when she parted from Basil Justine a few blocks from home that afternoon; she could not bear the sight of Baby Minnie, when the nurse-girl brought her in the room, and the child begged:

"Mamma, tate 'er! Mamma, tate 'er!"

"Mamma cannot take you, she is tired. Lucy, carry her down-stairs, and when Mr. Tyburn comes in tell him I have a severe headache and do not wish to be called for dinner. Where is the medicine that stood on the mantel?"

"Mrs. Alliger borrowed it this morning for her headache. It is in her room. I will bring it, ma'am."

Lucy brought a vial of dark mixture, and carried away the baby. Left to herself, Ethel swallowed a good portion of the liquid, was conscious of a feeling of nausea and a return of the deathly faintness that had seized her when thrown from the carriage, and flung herself upon the bed.

Ethel recollects nothing, and comprehended nothing, only she heard his solemn:

"Thank God!" as their eyes met; and some instinct of comfort and relief prompted her to put her hands about his neck; but they were too helpless and fell back. He arose and gathered them in his and kissed them. There were no words, Ethel was too weak for speech. After hours of quiet sleep she awoke and thought it was morning, the morning of the day she was to sail for Europe with Colonel Justine.

"Dick," she said, faintly. In an instant he was bending over her.

"I was going away to-day." Dick looked surprised. "And, oh! you will never, never forgive—"

"Oh! Ethel, yes, I will! I know all about it, my little girl. Do not talk, Pussie. You must keep very quiet." And she obeyed him thankfully, too weary but contented to wonder, yet how he could know her secret.

It was weeks before Ethel was strong and well, and learned how she had taken by mistake a dose of opium that had nearly proved fatal, and from the horrible effects of which she had gone into a dangerous fever. But little by little, she knew how she had revealed her temptation in her delirious ravings, and also terrible throes of remorse; how Dick had grieved over her, and forgiven her, and been her sole devoted watcher and nurse, she found out by degrees and appreciated more with each day of her life. And, one day, her husband handed her a European-stamped letter. With whitening lips she tore it open, glanced at the few lines, and passed it to Dick. It was dated in Havre, and said:

"Thank God! Yes, thank God, Ethel, that you have warred with myself; but at last I can write you, in self-abasement, to pardon me the sin I tempted you to do, and to forget me as a true, good woman. And the and I know you are in soul, should, and may God bless you. Ethel, is the earnest wish of BASIL JUSTINE."

And God had blessed Ethel Tyburn; and shown her, what many a wife needs to learn, that no theory of Platonism, nor friendship, nor affinities, is safe or sinless that comes between a wedded couple, be even the ties that bind them only formality of vows. And so wifehood has come to have its true deep meaning to her who entered it so thoughtlessly and rashly, and she has learned to give reverential

love to the man who lacks the wealth, and culture, and position of her dreamed-of heroes, but is true, tender, devoted, and noble enough to bury in oblivion remembrance of the fault he condoned. And Baby Minnie's mother prays for guidance to make the little one true and pure a woman ever to know the temptation from which Ethel was saved.

For three better, happier lives "thank God!" and we leave them each—baby, and Dick, and Ethel, and even wandering Basil Justine—with the colonel's wish: "God bless you."

Love in a Maze:
THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COQUETTE CHAINED.

THE art reception, with its exhibition of paintings, and its choice music, was enjoyed by the elegant fashionables of the "exclusive circles" as well as the lovers of art, and was the greatest success of the season.

Elodie was there and was invited to sing in a duet with a professional vocalist, taking the place of her friend who had not made her appearance.

The compliments paid the young girl upon her performance and the rich mezzo-soprano voice, so rare in one so young, were not so sweet to her ear as the whispered comment of her artist companion.

"You ought to sing in public, with such a voice."

Her face became irradiated. She longed to ask the speaker to let her come to her for advice; but she could not immediately gather courage, and in a moment the opportunity was lost. How bitterly she felt her thralldom, and how stout grew her determination to have her freedom!

The famous "Count del Raggio" was clamorously called upon for one song after another.

Obeying the summons and thanking his friends in a brief speech, he took occasion to disclose the name of a few friends had bestowed on him by way of a joke.

The Italian birth attributed to him, also, he must deny, with all due respect for that glorious land of song, where he had sojourned for many years. As Herbert St. Clare, Virginian by birth—New Yorker by residence—he was happy to receive their kind encomiums; due, he thought, more to their partiality than to his merits, and he hoped to number many among his attached friends.

Ethel, little darling, open your eyes! Oh,

She lay motionless a moment, in a sweet delirium of pleasure, the color dyeing her pale lid face, her lips parting in a gasp of delicious surprise, her blood bounding along her veins in throbbing answers to his love. And he knew she had come back to life, and a consciousness of what his words meant, and a glad acceptance of their avowal. So, after he had told her that they must accept the hospitalities of the cottage for an hour or two, he let his madness go unchecked; until Ethel Tyburn foresaw tires of maternity, and wifehood, and honor, and gave her pledge to meet him at the European steamer next day.

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Wyndham nodded smilingly to them as he went to join the circle round Miss Seaforth.

She seemed unusually brilliant this evening. Nearest to her stood the gallant General Marsh, whose eyes appeared literally to devour her face, and whose glances spoke the love of a devoted suitor.

Happy Emily! she had tasted none of the luxuries served to a belle, but she had been faithful to love, and enjoyed its fruition.

Why, Miss Seaforth thought, could she not have a real heart waiting for her, when she had done with her buttery-sipping of sweets?

Wyndham had already left the hall with his charge. Again she sighed, and a feeling of disgust with herself and her career crept over her.

On one occasion after another she might be seen in a recess, half-curtailed, listening to love-vows softly whispered; her eyes drooping till the dark lashes lay upon her cheek; her face wearing the hue of "love's flower;" the picture of a tender maiden, whose awakened heart was on the eve of surrendering itself. The beguiled suitor would fancy himself a conqueror.

But when the white lids were lifted, the dark, Oriental eyes shot forth a gleam of merriment, that speedily dispelled his dreams.

This was one phase of "flirtation" with the belle. Another was to surround herself with admiring beau, each waiting a gleam that should carry an electric message to his heart, ready to be laid at her feet. She would keep a dozen in this kind of expectancy; and send a thrill to a dozen eager souls in rapid succession. Each would imagine himself the one favored by stealth; the sole recipient of the magnetism of those wonderful eyes.

This evening was the last she ever enjoyed of the unalloyed pleasures of coquetry. She stood in peerless beauty, wearing her favorite dress of delicate lemon-colored silk, with profuse trimmings of white point d'anglaise, and pearls on her neck and in her hair.

Never had she been more conscious of the power of her charms. It seemed as if the arrows of the very god of love lay in the depths of her matchless eyes. She had bewitched at least a score, and as they stood round her, watching with eagerness for a word or a smile, from the lovely idol of their worship, she felt the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," and the acknowledged queen of love and beauty.

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Never had

Wyndham made no answer.

"And you know," pursued the girl, "if I lose that I must earn my living."

"Poor child, it has not come to that."

"But it may; and it is only right I should be prepared. I ought to earn it by my music, if I have as much talent as they say."

"Your talent shall be cultivated, Elodie; I promise you that."

"But I cannot pay for lessons of my money is all taken away."

"Leave that to me."

"You have not found the certificate that was missing?"

"Not yet."

"If Mr. Rashleigh stole it I know he must have destroyed it. You will never find it. And he claims the property, you said."

"I am sorry you learned anything about the master, child."

"Why should you be? I can help you. Be sure you will never find a paper Mr. Rashleigh has stolen. He is too cunning."

"I am afraid you are right."

"Then I must lose the money. His son is the next heir, I heard you say."

"Did you ever see such a young man?"

"Oh, yes; Mr. Rashleigh used to bring him home sometimes. He is in the asylum where they teach imbeciles. He is not aunt Letty's son, you know."

"Yes, I know that."

"I never liked him; I never would play with him, though Mr. Rashleigh tried to make me. He used to say I should be Godfrey's little wife, some day."

"Ah!"

"That was what gave me such a dislike to the boy; for I knew his father was in earnest."

"He really wished you to marry his son?"

"I am sure of it. When aunt Letty was lying dead, and you had said you would take me home, I heard him say that."

"Indeed! Did any other person hear it?"

"Only the negro woman."

"It would go to prove that he thought you the lawful heir," said Wyndham, musingly.

"Where is the woman, Nelly?"

"Is she not at the old place?"

"No; she left them immediately after Mrs. Rashleigh's death."

"Then I do not know where she is. She said she would come and see me."

"It was unpardonable negligent in me not to give her my address. But she could get it from her master."

"Yes, if he chose to give it to her."

"But she must have left his service. Have you any idea where her home is, or her friends?"

"No, I know nothing of them. She never left my aunt."

"I wonder if it would do any good to advertise for her?" mused young Blount.

"She was fond of me, and I should like to see her," said Elodie. "But, guard, we are wandering from the question. If I am to have no fortune I must be put in the way of earning a livelihood at once."

"Are you in haste to leave us?" asked Wyndham, smiling at her.

Elodie was given to speaking the truth bluntly.

"I am, indeed!" she answered.

Her guardian was visibly hurt.

"I hoped you were happy here," he said, in a voice that showed pain. "I am sure I have striven to make you feel like one of us—and Emily has been like an elder sister to you."

Elodie dashed away the tears that were over-flowing her eyes.

"You must not think me ungrateful for your kindness," she said. "I am grateful—I bless you for it. Who besides you would have been so good to a poor orphan girl?"

"You must not talk so, child. You are like a sister to us."

"But I know your mother and sister will feel it a relief to part with me."

"Elodie!"

"Did I not hear Emily say she would not like to appear in society with a girl of doubtful birth?" questioned the girl, looking unflinchingly in the lawyer's face. "I do not blame her; I should feel just so."

You are not of doubtful birth, Elodie."

"I know you think so; and I am sure of it myself; but the world will demand proof of my honorable parentage; and if you have to go through a suit for my property it cannot fail to come out that my mother's marriage cannot be proved. Is it not so?"

"It is so, certainly; but—"

"Then it will be in all the papers, and everybody will know that the girl you have taken to your home, and treated like a sister, cannot prove her birth lawful, and has lost her property in consequence. So that you will have not only poverty, but disgrace, on your hands."

"Elodie, you must leave such things to wiser and older persons. You are too young to be troubled with them."

"No; I am not too young to see my own position, and to seek the means of bettering it."

Wyndham was now pacing the floor in his perplexity and distress. Presently he stopped, close to the girl, and took her little hand in his own.

"Let this matter rest, I entreat you, my child. Confide in me."

"Oh, dear Mr. Blount, I cannot let you bear all my burden! You must let me have my way."

"What is it you want? To leave this house?"

"Yes, to leave it and be placed at once in a situation where I can earn a salary, if ever so small—and be improving daily in my singing. Madame Ferretti said I could have an engagement to sing in a chorus, and in a few months take a part. Oh, I long to be at work! I shall die if I stay here, doing nothing toward accomplishing my great object!"

"You are ambitious, Elodie, and do not see the perils and difficulties that beset such a life!"

"I know them all, and I am ready to contend with them. Only let me go!"

For some minutes the young lawyer made no answer. At last he said, turning to the eager suppliant:

"I should not be doing my duty toward you, Elodie, not fulfilling my promise to your aunt, if I should comply with your wish. You are under age, and incapable of judging for yourself."

"Once for all, Mr. Blount," cried the girl, passionately, "I tell you, I cannot bear this restraint!"

"You must bear it, foolish child. I forbid your thinking of the stage, at least till you are two years older. It would be your destruction. You shall continue your lessons, and shall have masters to teach you, as you make higher advances."

"At whose cost!" cried the little aspirant, her blue eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson. "I have no claim on you, and you shall not pay for me! And I will not go out with your sister, to be scorned by her because my mother was the victim of misfortune!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept and sobbed vehemently.

Wyndham quietly took her arm and led her to the door.

"Good-night, Elodie," he said. "It is very late; you must retire."

"You treat me like a wayward child," she faltered, through her tempest of weeping.

"But I am not a child! And be sure, sir, I shall not stay here while the suit is going on for my property! I have been scorned enough as it is."

"Not much ye won't—cuss ya!" yelled a harsh voice from the rocks, and a rifle cracked sharply.

Vernon Campbell pitched heavily forward upon his face.

"Whooray! thar's your rip-roarin' Blood-drinker, throwed flat es a founder! At 'em, Injuns—kill the old cuss but spar' the gal!" added the voice, and then a burly white man leaped down from his covert among the rocks, while four Indians closely followed him.

"God help us now!" groaned Warren, as he dropped Ada and leveled his rifle at the yelling enemy.

As his rifle spoke, two of them fell; the white man and an Indian. Warren stared in surprise, for he had not aimed at the former. When she had reached her own room she locked the door and throwing herself on the bed cringed till she fell asleep.

Wyndham remained long in his study, absorbed in painful thought. He began to realize that he had undertaken no light task, in the care of a willful girl, possessed of genius and determined to make her independent way in the world.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Yellowstone Jack:

OR,
THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. RETRIBUTION.

VERNON CAMPBELL and John Warren had entered down the canon at a rapid pace, for both knew the value of time, though the emigrant could think of little else than his lost child, eager, yet dreading to hear the truth from Ada. The scout was afraid that some of the savages posted among the hills would hear the alarm, and advance toward the spot to discover its meaning. Were they to do this, and catch them while still upon the ledge, there could but be one result. Instead of rescuing Ada from her perilous position, all three would be sacrificed.

Still he did not flinch from the trial, and assisting Warren to the narrow ledge, he led the way with the utmost speed consistent with safety. At times they were forced to cling to the face of the rock wall, and thus slip along a foot at a time. It didn't seem possible that a feeble girl could have traversed such a trail, yet, at one of the most difficult spots, Campbell found a few fluttering threads that Warren recognized as having formed part of the dress worn by Ada on the preceding day.

Hasten as they might, fully an hour was occupied in traversing the ledge to the point where the scout's too fatal aim had killed Eagle while nobly keeping his pledge.

Campbell drew back, a finger upon his lips.

"Be cautious—she is there, and seems to be either sleeping or in a faint. If awakened suddenly, like as not she will rush over the ledge before she knows it, thinking you are an enemy. Creep past me, and stand so you can catch her if she springs up."

John Warren obeyed, and then called the maiden by name. She did not answer, but lay still and motionless as though dead. A wild fear assailing him, he stepped forward and grasped her arm. With a low cry of terror, the girl awoke, and struggled desperately to free herself. Only for Campbell's precautions, another tragedy would have occurred. As it was, Ada soon recognized her uncle, and sunk sobbing upon his breast, nor could she answer his questions for some minutes. She had been sorely overtasked, since the bursting of the powderkeg, and when she saw her guide and protector hurried over the ledge to death, she fell back in a deathlike swoon. From that she fortunately sunk into a heavy sleep, even in her half-distracted condition, she would have fled from the terrible spot, only to fall a victim to her agitation along that perilous trail.

"Wait until we get up to the level ground," impatiently said Campbell, checking the emigrant in his incoherent questions. "We are in a sort of stupor; both body and mind were utterly exhausted. Campbell dexterously reloaded the empty firearms as they strode along, but they were not called upon to use them again, though once they caught sight of several Indians. If themselves seen, they were not pursued, and an hour later entered the corral.

While Warren was busy attending to Ada, Campbell briefly told what had occurred and asked for volunteers to return to the canon, to rescue Frank Maynard, or if dead, to give his body Christian burial and take what vengeance they could upon his murderers. As one man the emigrants stepped forward, for the young man was a general favorite, but Campbell did not deem it prudent to weaken the train much, so he only selected three men. These he believed would be enough, since his object was to avoid, rather than court, a collision with the enemy.

Warren again lifted Ada, who was now in a sort of stupor. Both body and mind were utterly exhausted. Campbell dexterously reloaded the empty firearms as they strode along, but they were not called upon to use them again, though once they caught sight of several Indians. If themselves seen, they were not pursued, and an hour later entered the corral.

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hyar alone. Tell her she will be wi' good fri'nds; besides, the old leddy wished it. Go now, while I take a look outside."

It was nearly an hour before Minnie could get Kittle to listen to reason, and then only by repeating the last wishes of the dead. But at length she raised her head.

"I will obey, since she wished it, though it is like tearing the very heart from my body to leave her and this place. I was happy here for years. She was ever kind and gentle toward me, even when the bad spell was upon her. And now—dead—dead!"

"She is better off," softly uttered Minnie. "You heard her say that she welcomed death as a happy release from a living death."

The body was composed and wrapped in the ruts that had often served as its bed. What tomb so secure, so fitting, as that in which she had found refuge for so long?

Kittie knelt, with Minnie, and breathed a prayer for the repose of the dead, and then signified her readiness to depart.

Passing through the square aperture, Kittie raised the cover and secured the spring that held it in place. And the tomb of the weird woman—the Witch of the Enchanted Valley, was forever closed, never to be entered again by mortal being.

Yellowstone Jack and Brindle Joe gallantly assisted the women to descend, and then the quartette, with the keen eyed trapper in advance, started for the emigrants' camp.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)

Tiger Dick: OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

That night Charley Brewster, the detective and his men floated down the Mississippi, and then struck off into the country, until they came to a rocky waste. Here, after much careful maneuvering, the detective introduced his men into a cave; and all their wariness and caution were rewarded by an opportunity to stand and look at each other and at the bare rock walls, by the light of dark-lanterns.

Then, with a flush on his cheek, the detective uttered the one word:

"Sold!"

And, turning upon his heel, he walked silently out, followed in like silence by the others.

On their return to town one of the party was dispatched to "The Jungle," and returned with the intelligence that although the bar was running, with the ever-smiling Buff behind it, the door of the gambling-saloon bore the inscription:

"PLAYED OUT!"

Then the detective sat drawing parallel lines, making them of the same length with the nicest exactness, as a man will give himself to some trivial occupation, when some elaborate and carefully-laid scheme has come to naught.

"Mr. Brewster," he said, in a quiet tone of voice, "everything is down. I must begin to build again from the bottom. The game is flown, and all the world is before me to find them in."

And Charley, thinking of the awful peril that threatened Florence in the time that must be lost, and of the impossibility of proving Fred's innocence, should he be found, said:

"God help her and him!"

CHAPTER V. A FIENDISH DEED.

We now return to pick up a thread of the warp of our fabric, which has for some time been running beneath the surface.

When Frederick Powell and Cecil Beaumont met on Dead Man's Bluff, the sense of deep injury in the breast of the latter broke forth in bitter accusation and invective. The hatred of the latter needed but a breath to fan it into a flame, and the two soon came to blows.

It chanced that neither was armed, Cecil having left his pistol at the bank; so both were forced to rely upon their skill in pugilism. In this they were pretty well matched, and the conflict was of doubtful issue.

But, as they neared the verge of the precipice, Cecil tripped on a vine and fell backward, but at the same time struck Fred on the head with a stone, which he had picked up, bringing him insensible to the ground.

When Fred recovered his senses he crept to the verge and looked over, seeing where Cecil had clutched at the shrubs in his descent, pulling them out by the roots. Listening he heard nothing but the beating of the waves at the base of the bluff and the mournful sighing of the freshening wind in the tree-tops. Chilled with horror at the deed of which he supposed himself guilty, he leaned out over the abyss and called in a terrified voice:

"Cecil! Cecil!"

All the animosity died out of his breast, at thought that his rival lay lifeless in the depths of Dead Man's Hole, buried there by his hand.

With bated breath and heart stilled in its beating he waited and listened. But there was no sound save the sobbing of the waves and the sighing of the wind.

Then an awful horror seized him; an agony of fear took the current of his blood to ice; and, staggering to his feet, he fled the accursed place.

But Cecil Beaumont was not dead. As he felt himself going over the escarpment he clutched at the roots, but they gave way, and with a dizzy sense of horror he felt himself going down, down, down as he supposed to death in the seething waters below. But suddenly he felt his fall arrested. Then, blinded by the dirt and stones that followed him, and half-insensible from the concussion, he found himself on a shelf of rock that ran along the face of the cliff.

Getting upon his feet, he made his way along the ledge until he reached a point where he could climb up the bank. He then started toward town, passing near the landing. At this point he suddenly came upon a group of men. Two were kneeling on either side of a prostrate man, searching his pockets, and the fifth was holding a dark-lantern.

At Cecil's approach the ruffian dropped his lantern, and, leaping over the body, aimed a blow at Cecil with a club which he held in his hand.

"Hold up, McFarland!" cried the cashier, aghast; "you have nothing to fear from me."

The others had sprung up and surrounded Cecil with drawn knives.

"Who the devil be you?" demanded McFarland, suspiciously.

"You have dogged my footsteps enough to know me by this time," said Cecil, a little bitterly.

"Blowed if it ain't that bank sharp for

whom Tiger Dick has conceived such an affection of late," said a voice, which we recognize as belonging to Shadow Jim, though Cecil had never heard it before.

"Be the powers but it's that same!" corroborated O'Toole.

"What ay ye hangin' around here fur?" demanded McFarland, with surliness.

"That won't interest you. But you may have a looker-on in your little game, if you don't dispose of that body."

"What do you mean?"

"That there's a sport just up there on the bluff that may drop down on you at any moment."

"I'll take care of him," said Shadow Jim.

"Whistle when yer ready to start."

And he glided off toward the crown of the bluff.

"Whom have you got here?" asked Cecil, approaching the prostrate and motionless form.

"A flat as we've given the finishin' touch to, I'm afraid," said McFarland.

Again the lantern was turned upon his face.

"He is in disguise," said Cecil; and, stooping,

he pulled a set of false whiskers from the man's face.

At the first glance he uttered a sharp cry and sprang backward, nearly overturning O'Toole. McFarland, too, uttered a cry. His was of surprise simply, but Cecil had the ring of terror in it.

"Dog my cats, if he ain't jest the pictur o' yourself, captain," said McFarland, gazing first at the man and then at Cecil in astonishment and wonder.

Trembling in every limb, Cecil Beaumont again drew near. But his face was as white and bloodless as that of the man lying motionless and apparently dead before him. There was in his eyes a wild glitter of horror and surprise.

"Can it be he?" he whispered to himself, while McFarland and O'Toole looked on with much awe.

Then, with a shudder, "Is he dead? I dare not touch him," addressing McFarland, with chattering teeth.

The ruffian stooped down and unmercifully thrust his hand beneath the vest of the prostrate man.

"Dead as a nit," he replied, without show of concern. "I hit him for keeps, you bet! Was he any relation o' yours?"

"No—no relation," said Cecil, but his tones and manner belied his words.

Then a sudden reaction took place. A sort of fierce satisfaction came into his face, as he said:

"Well, he's dead now, and not by my hand. He could have followed me for but one purpose. There is one less dog at my heels."

"He'll never trouble nobody after this," said McFarland.

"Let's pitch the spalpeen into the dhrink," suggested O'Toole. "He'll tell no tales tha-ur."

"That's the safest place fur him," assented McFarland. "Bear a hand, and in he goes!"

"Wait!" cried Cecil, breathlessly. "Does he look just like me? Look sharp, and see if there is any point of difference."

"As like as two buttons, only fur that scar on his lip," replied McFarland, after a critical comparison.

"Hair, eyes, everything?" asked Cecil. "Look close, for everything may depend upon some slight dissimilarity."

"Yer own mother wouldn't know ye apart, if you had a scar like his, or he was without," affirmed McFarland, positively.

"St. Father himself wouldn't know t'other from which, if wan war a saint and the other a divil," corroborated O'Toole.

"Look here, men, you ain't either of you squeamish on little points, when there's money to be made?"

"Throy us on wanct!" cried O'Toole, with a wink.

McFarland scratched the palm of his hand significantly.

"If you will pound his face with that club until that scar cannot be detected, it will be ten dollars in each of your pockets."

McFarland grasped the club eagerly, and spitting on his hands, brandished it, but paused.

"And Shadow Jim!—we can't leave him out."

"Ten fer him, too," said Cecil, drawing out his pocketbook.

"I'll mask him till his own mother wouldn't know him!" cried McFarland, and immediately began a rain of blows.

"Stop! stop!" cried Cecil, catching the arm of the too-zealous ruffian. "You will mutilate him beyond recognition. I don't want the move."

"Narry more yet."

"And why?"

"Don't want to run my head into a sling, fun one."

"I don't understand you."

"We can't get by town without gittin' spied."

"And where is this place?"

"Down-river. On the Mississippi. We've got a snug little hole down there."

"And can you go to it to-night?"

"There's where we're bound for."

"The storm has slackened up. Let's be on the move."

"Narry more yet."

"And why?"

"Don't want to run my head into a sling, fun one."

"I don't understand you."

"We can't get by town without gittin' spied."

"I'll have to wait until the lights is off the river."

Cecil saw the force of McFarland's words, and they waited patiently where they were until after midnight. Then they dropped quietly down the river and into the Mississippi. Several miles from the confluence of the rivers the boat was brought to shore, and all descended.

A walk of half a mile, down a valley that set in at right angles with the river, brought them to a wild, rocky region, where the bluffs rose perpendicularly. Here McFarland led the way to a cave, whose entrance was hidden by vines that clambered up the face of the cliff.

There was a moment of awful suspense, and then came to them on the wind a voice husky with terror.

"Cecil! Cecil!"

Cecil Beaumont reeled and fell to the ground, groveling at the roots of a tree. For one moment of agonizing fear he thought that the voice came from the body which had just sunk from sight. Then his reason prevailed over his superstition, and he found voice to ask:

"Did you hear it? Where did it come from?"

"Up the bluff," replied McFarland. "Shouldn't wonder if it came from the cuss what you spoke about. But he'd better keep num, or Shadow Jim'll cut off his wind."

Then there was a sound of some one rushing madly through the bushes.

"Guess he's seen somethin' what skeered him," suggested McFarland, "and skedad." A moment afterward Shadow Jim glided in among them.

"What's the row?" asked McFarland.

"Who called?" asked Cecil, with a face as ghastly as that of a corpse.

"Twas your friend," replied Shadow Jim.

"He looked over the bank and called, as if hantin' fer you." Then he got up and run like a white-head. Looked as if the devil and all his angels was after him.

"He thinks that he has murdered me. That's just what I want; and others must think so before to-morrow night."

"I don't jest twig you," said Shadow Jim, curiously.

"Never mind. Come on now, and I will explain when I have matured my plans. Here is ten dollars for you, as compensation for a little service rendered by McFarland."

"Put it there, pard!" said Shadow Jim; and

he grasped Cecil's hand along with the money, and gave it a shake. "Plums don't often drop inter a feller's mouth like that."

"Come on, or we will be caught in the storm. I have a boat here at the landing, and we can go in that. Throw that club into the bushes, where it can easily be found. And now come on, and I will unfold my plans as we go along. I have work for all of you."

They followed him to the landing, and leaping into the boat, dropped down stream. Then came the storm, with its rush and fury, lashing the water into foam, and drenching them with rain and spray.

CHAPTER VI. A BLACK PLOT.

"CAN'T we get protection from the storm?" asked Cecil, as a blinding deluge of rain was blown into his face.

"There's a place a little further down the stream," said McFarland, tugging away at the oars; "but we'll be drowned rats afore we git there."

Five minutes' rowing brought them to the place, and the boat glided under a tree that hung over the river, supporting a mass of grape-vines, trailing to the very water. Here they found a comparative shelter.

"Take something to keep out the wet and cold, men," said Cecil, producing a flask.

"You're my mutton!" exclaimed McFarland, eagerly, snatching it from his hand and turning it bottom upward, with his lips glued to the mouth.

"Now, hog!" protested Shadow Jim; "remember that you hain't got the trough all to yourself."

"Be jabers, pard!" said Cecil, looking at the flask.

"I'll take care of him," said Shadow Jim.

"Whatcha gonna do with us, if they catch us, and knew that we did it?"

"They'd hang us up to dry, I reckon, with out any prayin' or palaverin'," said Cecil.

"It isn't any harder to hang a rich man than a poor one, is it? And such a crowd wouldn't care about his money."

"Jest whisper 'patent-leathers' to 'em, and every man'd want to have a hold o' the rope."

ON A STREET-CAR.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

Whene'er you wish to cut a splurge,
And come it very strong,
And for expenses do not care,
To show off in a horse-car;
Go take a horse-car; some advice
I'll give you in this song.

First, enter like a thunderbolt,
And give the door a slam.
The better you can show yourself
If there should be a jam;
Knock down the first man standing up
By giving him a ram.

Trip on the first foot that you meet
And fall across some beeses;
Then balance on your shoulder
With far less grace than ease,
And tread upon somebody's corn
Which cannot fail to please.

Knock off that basketful of eggs
Upon the buckster's lap.
And break a female parasol
In reaching for the strap,
Apologizing to that man
For knocking on his cap.

And when you come to think that you
Have made it very own,
And you have made the people think
You're active as a clown;
Select the very clos'est place,
And like a wedge sit down.

Let your stepladder lean against
The man upon your right,
That sash you're taking home with you
Between your feet hold tight;
Be careful for that bunch of brooms
You brought in might cause fright.

Now take your morning paper and
Unfold it full length out.
And you'll be bound
Not caring much about
Whether you take one on his head,
Or the other in the snout.

Squeeze for more room; that is your right;
At least if you are strong;
The pitchfork let your neighbor hold;
Troll out the latest song;
Wink at the girl that is opposite,
And gayly travel along.

LEAVES
From an Actor's Life;
Recollections of Plays and Players

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

VIII.—George Frederick Cooke—His Great Talent and His Great Vice—His Monument—His Singular Device to Gratify His Thirst for Liquor—James Sheridan Knowles, the Celebrated Irish Dramatist—The Hunchback—The Wife—The Love Chase—Virginia and William Tell—His Appearance as an Actor—Characteristic Anecdote of Him.

PRE-EMINENT among the stars who appeared upon the boards of "Old Drury," when it was in the zenith of its glory, was George Frederick Cooke, an actor whose fame extends over both hemispheres. England recognized and applauded his talent, and America was not slow in following her example.

Cooke's place of birth, after his death, was almost as much a matter of dispute as is the great Grecian poet, Homer. We are told:

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which, when living, Homer begged his bread."

And so with Cooke. On the monument erected over his grave, by Edmund Kean, in St. Paul's churchyard, on Broadway, New York city, is this inscription:

"Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres proclaim his worth."

These three kingdoms were England, Scotland and Ireland; and to this day it has never been definitely settled in which one his eyes first saw the light.

This monument is still in existence, for Charles Kean caused it to be repaired in 1846, inscribing his name beneath his father's; and it was again repaired by Mr. E. A. Sothern, the celebrated "Lord Dundreary," in 1874.

Within the busy hum of the great thoroughfare of New York rest the remains of this great, but unfortunate, actor. Great in genius, but unfortunate in possessing an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink.

He was never to be depended upon, and while the managers of the theaters resorted to various devices to keep him sober for the evening's performance, he was equally cunning in countering their good intentions.

One instance will serve as an illustration: He had been locked in his room at the hotel, he consented to the imprisonment with a good grace, and the manager with the key in his pocket felt confident that Cooke would not disappoint the public on this occasion.

When the time arrived that he should go to the theater the manager went in a carriage to the hotel for his star. He ascended the stairs that led to Cooke's room in a very pleasant frame of mind. He felt sure of his man this time. He inserted the key in the lock, opened the door, and entered, and to his great dismay and surprise found Cooke lying upon his back on the floor, in a drunken stupor, from which no efforts could arouse him in season for the night's performance.

How Cooke obtained the liquor, with which he had benumbed his senses, was a mystery, until he himself explained it. Hearing the footsteps of a servant of the hotel in the hall he had called to him through the keyhole. When the servant answered, his voice proclaimed his nationality. He was an Irishman. This was enough for Cooke, he also could be an Irishman, with the richest kind of a brogue, when it suited his purpose—and I have an idea that he really was a native of Ireland, for that country has been prolific in good actors.

He prevailed upon the servant to get him a bottle of whisky; but when the whisky was brought the drinking of it was a serious dilemma. The servant could not open the door, and Cooke knew it would be useless to send him to the office for the duplicate key, as the landlord was as much interested in keeping him sober as the manager was.

"Would your mouth to the keyhole," suggested the servant; "you might get a mouthful that way."

But Cooke's imaginative brain suggested a better plan than this. He directed the servant to go to the nearest grocery store and get a new clay pipe, taking good care to keep the bottle of whisky concealed in his pocket while he did so.

The servant obtained the pipe, and then, following Cooke's directions, inserted the stem through the keyhole, to which Cooke applied his lips, and then poured the liquor into the bowl of the pipe, and in this way Cooke consumed its contents.

Having thus satisfied his insatiate thirst, he reeled from the door, to sink into a drunken slumber upon the carpet, and the servant hurried away with the empty bottle and the pipe.

These insane indulgences consigned this talented man to an early grave. He abused the great gift of genius that Heaven had given him, and with the usual result. Whisky has been the bane of many promising actors.

There was another eccentric genius who ap-

peared at "Old Drury." This was James Sheridan Knowles. He was the author of several plays that are standard, and hold the stage side by side with Shakespeare's productions. He wrote "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "Virginia," "The Love Chase," "William Tell," "Alfred, the Great," and numerous other popular plays.

Like many authors, he thought he could act the principal characters in his plays better than the actors to whom they were intrusted, and he was, like the majority of them, mistaken. As a rule authors and critics, though they may teach other people to act, paradoxical as it may appear, cannot act themselves. There are exceptions, of course, (Dion Boucicault, for instance,) but, as in grammar, the exceptions only prove the rule.

Mr. Knowles essayed the character of "Master Walter, the Hunchback," in his play of that name, and after meeting with poor success in the old country was induced to try his fortunes in the new; but he found himself unappreciated in America.

His reputation as an author attracted audiences, but his acting was considered "queer," and it was. He was a jolly-looking Irishman—of the parish priest pattern—with a rich brogue, and neither his face, nor voice, were at all suitable for the character of "Master Walter," who was supposed to be a high-toned gentleman, though somewhat brusque in manner, his disposition having been soured by his deformity.

Mr. Knowles resented this want of appreciation and commented upon it to the English and Irish friends he found in this country. "Why don't you play Irish characters?" suggested one who had a keen eye for the fitness of things.

"Ah, me boy," replied Jimmie Knowles, (he always called himself "Jimmie,") shaking his head with owlish gravity; "I couldn't do that, you know, because I couldn't *brogue* them."

Just imagine this being said with the most mellifluous brogue, and then you will see where the laugh comes in.

Mr. Knowles returned to the old country, wrote some novels, by way of change, and one of them, "Fortescue," I read, and—well, I do not wish to read another one—and finally turned minister, in which calling he died.

Aunt Comfort's Joke.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

GRIM, stern, yet not unkind, Miss Comfort looked frowningly down on Bessie's bowed head—a dainty-poised head, with its dark and flossy curl of palest gold.

"Well, it's too late for me to be making a fuss about it now, I suppose. You're married to him, and you've got to stick to your bargain, good or bad. Only, I *must* say, you aren't much like *me*, or you'd never been gullied by any man's nonsensical flattery."

Which was very true. But Bessie never thought of intimating to aunt Comfort such a thing; she only lifted her sweet, blossom-like face; she all aglow with eager enthusiasm.

"But you don't know how dearly Mark loves me, auntie; he—"

Aunt Comfort silenced her by a curl of her thin lips and a decrepit wave of her hand.

"I sha'n't listen to any such sickening nonsense; love is an obsolete thing nowadays. This husband of yours no doubt likes to look at your pretty face—most any man would, for you are pretty, Bessie, the very image of what I was at your age."

Bessie smiled, and blushed, and then a little indignant answer came to her lips.

"But he does love me; why—why, he has said so a thousand times; and you don't suppose my Mark could tell a lie."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if he could," she retorted, coolly, "but that's neither here nor there. What I was about to say was, it's what a man will do for his wife—what he is willing to sacrifice for her, if there needs be a sacrifice that commands a man to *me*."

"Then you'll surely love Mark, auntie, because I know he loves me for myself alone—because, you know, he knows I have nothing."

The little wife was radiant at her own simple argument, and even aunt Comfort softened as she looked in her fair, pleading face, so full of love and pride.

"Then he doesn't know I intend giving you a house to live in—eh?"

Bessie's blue eyes opened in astonishment and delight.

"Auntie! do you really mean to be good? Mark will!"

"Never mind Mark just now. All you've got to do will be to tell him I want to see him to morrow morning; and you can go home to your other aunt who allowed you to marry him for a day or so."

"Go away and leave Mark for a day or so, Oh, auntie!"

Miss Comfort smiled sourly.

"After existing twenty years without him, you are unable to endure a day's separation? Very well; I am not especially anxious to cultivate your husband's acquaintance, which I intended doing, while you were away."

"Of course I'll go, auntie. Only—I'll be so lonely."

"Fiddlesticks!"

And after Bessie had returned to her boarding-house, where Mark Travis had taken her, a bride, a fortnight before, aunt Comfort sat and sewed, and smiled; then frowned, then sighed; then compressed her thin lips dejectedly.

"I must say good-by for this time, now," he said, as they reached her door. "I will be needed at the office."

"Come to-morrow at three, and bring Bessie—and don't get your carpets out. I want to go with you when you select them."

And as Mark went away, she went in, chuckling in unwonted glee.

"He's passed the ordeal! He's a man, every inch of him, and I believe Bessie's a wiser woman than ever I was. He's a fine fellow, and when I say that much, why—that's all that need be said."

An exquisite little phaeton, lined with olive-green satin, and delightfully comfortable for Bessie Travis and aunt Comfort on the front seat, and Mark behind them with the reins in his masterful hands.

The saucy, yet well-behaved ponies, matched to a hair, and as black as jet, trotted on as vastly contented with their silver-plated harness and the three people who were enjoying the ride, aunt Comfort insisted on giving them, all in first-rate spirits.

"I am so afraid you have gone to too much trouble, auntie, although it is kind to give us such a treat. We expected to walk or take the cars to see our new home."

Bessie looked very fair and sweet, as she spoke to the grim, quiet woman at her side, who seemed in a state of constantly suppressed excitement.

"I think I'll be seated, if you have no objections, auntie; I am all attention to what you have to say."

Aunt Comfort gave him a searching, critical look as he sat there, in Bessie's favorite chair. Yes, he was handsome; but what if he was? That alone wouldn't make his wife happy

and he was gentlemanly and—yes—cer-

tainly very respectful to her. She sniffed a little, and scowled a little, to find she was actually warming to him; then, in another fit of self-contempt at her weakness, plunged into business details.

"So long as you're Bessie's husband, and it can't be helped, I suppose you ought to know what you've got to expect from me. I don't know whether she ever told you or not—but I always intended to give Bessie a home when she married. She's my namesake—only they called me Comfort instead of Elizabeth, and she only uses the capital C when she writes her name. And, besides, she's the speaking image of what I was at her age."

She said it half defiantly, as if she knew she deserved a contradiction. But Mark Travis was not the man to entertain such a thought; his thoughtful face betrayed only courteous attention.

"So, you see, I want you to see the place I've decided for Bessie's future home, providing she accepts one from me. It's plain—very plain—but good enough for poor folks. You have nothing, I suppose?"

Travis smiled.

"A salary of fifteen hundred, in a permanent position; five hundred in the bank to furnish our home, and—Bessie!"

He said it all so frankly, so proudly.

"Then you'll be disappointed at any lack of finery and style in the tenement I will give you."

She watched him narrowly, but he gave no sign, if he felt any disappointment. "A tenement" was not his ideal of a home for his bride, but then, they were just commencing, and how much better to begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and work gradually up. And this offer of aunt Comfort's was a kind of one. It would save them rent, which, in New York, was no small item; and he knew wherever he was, Bessie would be content, and vice versa.

So he really was very grateful as he thanked aunt Comfort, in quiet, manly words, that she cut almost shortly, getting up, abruptly.

"Don't thank me—p'raps when you see it, you may change your mind. Have you an hour to spare? I'll take you to see it."

And they went out together, aunt Comfort actually embarrassed and half reluctant; Mark attentive, courteous, and more charmingly winning every minute; until, when they halted before a plain, big four-story brick tenement in Sixth avenue, aunt Comfort positively seemed undecided to enter, and she looked as if she had made some stupid mistake.

"Is this the place, aunt Comfort?"

He gazed inquiringly about him, with just a little thrill of disappointment.

"This is the place," she returned, briskly as ever. "It isn't very elegant, as I told you, but it's clean and perfectly respectable. I own the house, and I'll answer for the people in it."

She conducted him up the stairs, through the first hall, and into the second tenement, a suite of five rooms, empty and dusty.

Mark threw a quick glance around him; a glance of terrible disappointment, as instantly followed by a feeling of shame that he was capable of such a feeling under the circumstances.

"I am a poor man, and Bessie knew it. We will be content to start as our parents before us; and I can brighten these, or any other rooms for my darling."

Aunt Comfort had seen the brief struggle in his face, and her shrewd eyes twinkled in actual delight for a second. Then she began to scowl.

"It's a gloomy sort of place, after all," she said; "I'd no idea it was so cheerless and grim."

"Because it's empty, only, I think. The ceilings are high, and the front view lively."

Mark spoke cheerily. This was to be his home, and a home he was determined to make it.

"Well, I declare! just as if I ever expected the sink was right out in the kitchen! What on earth did the fool of a builder mean not to put a closet around it?"

Mark followed the shrill voice into the little sunshiny kitchen.

"Oh, never mind that. Bessie'll fix up a curtain on the wall over it, and a coat of yellow ochre will improve it vastly. What a good place for Bessie's flowers—a rare, sunny exposure."

He was out in the little rear hall, with its one window, whence aunt Comfort followed him.

"I should think it was sunny—enough to roast one in."

"I think not," he returned, pleasantly. "With the green shutters closed, and a cool lace curtain, it won't be so bad. Besides, there is a good draft through."

Aunt Comfort watched him closely, as he went back to the front room again.

"Really, this room improves. See—this corner for Bessie's sewing-machine and chair; this panel for her little writing-desk; this alcove for the sofa; and this for my aquarium, auntie—we will be very cosy and content, and we have you to thank."

Aunt Comfort compressed her lips, as if she was on the very verge of saying something unnecessary. Then they went away again, after Mark had insisted on taking the measure for carpets.

"I must say good-by for this time, now," he said, as they reached her door. "I will be needed at the office."

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